

The Justweds Almost Buy A Cozy Little Home



"HOMER," began Mrs. Justwed, in that hesitating, plaintive tone characteristic somehow of wives when they interrupt their husbands' perusal of the evening paper to ask a favor or broach a difficult subject, "do you think we'll find all the room we want in this flat this winter?"

Mr. J. granted ambiguously—then looked up presently from the sporting page and exclaimed in that fashion usually characteristic of husbands when so interrupted:

"What's the matter?"

"I was merely remarking," said Mrs. J. quite placidly, "that I think we will find the apartment rather crowded this winter!"

"Crowded—fiddlesticks!" snapped Mr. J. "We lived in it last year, did we not? Well, why not this year? What do you want to do, move? I hope you have not got that fever again, madam! Let me remind you that I've looked at all the new apartments I'm going to this fall—no more for your Uncle Dudley! The other week put me on the blink for me, I'm—oh! Nothing doing! This layout looks good enough for me."

and he buried his nose again in the sporting dope."

But Mrs. J. was not in the least discouraged. She waited and watched patiently until he had finished the page and was turning to the next, when she returned to the fray.

"I do not mean a new apartment, Homer," she said, as though Mr. J. had just concluded his remarks on the subject a second before, "but a house!"

Mr. J. laid aside his paper in astonishment.

"House!" he exclaimed. "For the time being, Blossom, what'll you be next? A house! Never! No put out at night, no furnace to down and no drip-pan under refrigerator to empty for mine, eh? Not if they'd give it to me free!"

Mr. J. sighed forlornly and appealed very well then, Homer. But your interests solely at heart. I want to see you get along and nobody."

Homer dear sat up a bit straighter in his chair.

"Somebody?" he questioned. "Be my life, is living in a house make us somebody? Huh— I never the impression it was comfortable to live in apartment days."

Mr. J. paused dramatically before Homer-dear," she said presently, measured, impressive tones, "a house isn't going to make

you be somebody, but owning your own home will."

"Own-owning your own hah-home!" echoed Mr. J., and not quite comprehending the full import of Mrs. J.'s remark.

"Exactly!" cried Mrs. J. gallantly. And, Homer-dear's attention won, and her heart full of the subject, she sailed forth like an Amazon. Incidentally, too, he it stated, she sailed into Mr. Justwed for fair.

For the same rent they were paying for the apartment they could be purchasing their own home! Where? Impossible! Not a bit of it! She had seen the house herself—yessir, with her own eyes! It was a perfect dear of a house, too; eight rooms and bath and—and—well, if he'd hurry home from the bank the next evening she'd take him to see it. If then if he did not like it—if he did not become just as enthusiastic over it as she was—why—why—she would promise never to mention the subject again!

Homer-dear objected. Homer-dear raved. Homer-dear ridiculed the idea. Homer-dear pleaded excuses. But in the end Homer-dear capitulated. "When a woman will, she will!"—and Homer-dear had never had a chance to sidestep looking at the house from the start.

The next afternoon a man and a woman might have been seen reluctantly descending the steps of a trim little two-story house, set in the middle of a long row, and resplendent with freshly painted front porches and shutters, and spick and span as you please. The man turned when half way up the block and looked back longingly at the house he had just

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left.

"It sure is a beauty, Blossom!" he remarked, with real enthusiasm. "Won't that little room on the third floor back make a dandy little den?"

The woman laughed—a gay, happy, satisfied laugh.

"I knew you'd like it, Homer," she said. "I don't see how anybody could help liking it. And just think what can be done with the lower floor once it is fixed up. Artistic? Why, the perspective possible is simply amazing!"

"Are you sure it can be bought for monthly payments of \$40?" asked the man, anxiously. "It scarcely seems possible. How do you know it? Who told you so? Why, it's only \$5 a month more than we're paying now for that crowded, cramped little apartment of ours."

"Oh, yes, indeed, Homer," insisted the woman. "I am sure of it—dead sure. Molly Cunard and her husband—that's what they've just taken the one two doors above ours—that's what they're paying—\$40 a month, including taxes, interest, water rent, and—and—well, a whole lot of other things I don't even know the meaning of."

"Um-m-m-m," mused the man meditatively, "um-m-m-m, that sounds pret-

ty good to me. Who's the agent—Buildem & Sellum? I go to see them the first thing tomorrow morning, before I go to the bank."

The next afternoon Mr. J. came home at the usual hour. But he seemed strangely depressed and discouraged.

"I saw 'em," he said simply. "It's right—forty a month."

"Oh—oh—isn't that just dandy!" exclaimed Mrs. J. with enthusiasm. "Do tell me about it! I'm just crazy to know!"

But, somehow, he was not in the least enthusiastic. In fact, he seemed worried.

"But, Blossom," he said—and it was plain he hated to say it—"you have to pay five hundred dollars down on the house first."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. J., mournfully. "Five hundred dollars—whew! And we haven't but two hundred in bank, have we?"

"No—no—only two hundred," admitted Homer-dear sadly.

Mrs. J. was silent. Suddenly she jumped to her feet.

"I have it!" she cried gaily. "I have it—borrow the other three hundred! Surely the bank will lend it to you—you've been with them ten years."

Mr. J. shook his head.

"No," he said slowly, "I don't think so. They would want security. I might get it on notes alone—with an understanding with the president that they be paid off, principal and interest, in a year. But that would be too much for us. We simply could not do it. If we could save only one hundred last year, how could we hope to save over three hundred this year? No—I have been thinking of that, but it's too big for us to tackle, Blossom, too big."

"But we can, Homer—we can—we can save and economize—cut down on the table—and—and—do without a vacation, and—and—oh, I'm sure we can do it! I won't ask for a new hat, even!"

Her courage was touching and Mr. J. putted her arm appreciatively.

"No, Blossom," he said mournfully. "It can't be done. We'd have to skimp and save until there'd be no joy in living."

"But we'd be buying our own home, wouldn't we?" she insisted, bravely.

"I know, I know—little woman how you feel about it—and I am just as much disappointed as you are," sympathized Mr. J. "But we'll have to wait until we make more money and can pay it down in a lump sum."

"That's it!" exclaimed Mrs. Justwed. "That's the trouble—if we wait until we get it all at once we never will have a home."

And she burst into tears, not rebellious ones, but tears of keen disappointment.

Mr. J. was visibly distressed.

Presently he walked over to her and took her in his arms.

"Cheer up," he said. "Cheer up. We'll rent the house, anyway though it will cost forty-two-fifty a month. And then if we like it and if we can save the other three hundred during the year, we'll buy it. I've made arrangements to that effect with the agent."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. J. "oh!"

And she dried her eyes.

"But," she half-sobbed presently, "it does seem foolish to—to—to—to pay all that money out for a whole year—and—and not have a cent of it apply on the purchase price. I—I think we are making a mistake, Homer. We ought to borrow the three hundred somewhere. That's—that's always the way with people who never own their own homes—they're always going to buy, but always waiting until—until they get the money in a lump sum. Now, don't let's be like them. We must buy that house next year—if we like it, of course. Please?"

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"Most of them talk behind our backs, but once in awhile one of them speaks right out to me, so I know about what they say."

"Here are a few samples:

"This feeding a baby every three hours to the minute is all tommyrot. Why, when Jennie was a baby I fed her whenever she cried, and she doesn't look very peaked now, does she?"

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"Waking a child up to feed him is the silliest thing I ever heard of. He has been undernourished and needs the nourishment? Nonsense. I had eight children, and I always let them sleep as long as they would."

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Mrs. James B. West and Mrs. C. H. McKibben, expert cooking demonstrators representing The Southern Cotton Oil Company will be in charge, and will show by practical tests the many uses to which Wesson Snowdrift Oil may be put for Salads and Cooking. These ladies will gladly answer questions relative to culinary work. Their suggestions will be helpful to everyone interested in preparing delicious and seasonable food. Demonstrations daily, from 10 a. m. to 12 noon.

A dainty luncheon will be served each day, from 12 noon to 3 p. m., for 25 cents each. The proceeds derived from the sale of these luncheons will be devoted to the funds of the Joseph Charles Memorial Guild.

A commission of ten cents will be allowed the committee in charge of the demonstrations, for each 35 cent can of Wesson Snowdrift Oil, ordered from them for delivery by the purchaser's grocer. The purchase of a can will aid the good work of the guild, and afford you an opportunity to acquaint yourself with the many uses of the vegetable shortening and salad oil.

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